

Captive of the Sun

Parquet Courts

My misophonia brought the faders up
Now she's a military grade
In Dolby Surround, around 5.1
Cue the barking from the baritone
Conductor in the pit for the car honk duet
Half-tone harmony from the sewer
Rebel youth choir belt phrases even newer
Dump truck man drops the beat with trash cans
Call 911! We got therapy demands
Philharmonic got a first chair car crash
Pan the falsetto to smash the glass
It's a drive-by lullaby that couldn't get worse
A melody abandoned in the key of New York

Where nothing comes after
I'm a passtime streamer
Hanging from the rafters
I don't get out
I don't have fun
Living like a captive of the sun

Sight read the chart
Clap the rocks into sand
A 12-pass van on a pot-hole band stand
Got an oil can hangover by default
And trucks pave the roads with amphetamine salt
Skull shaking cadence of the J train rolls
The rhythm of defeat, repeating like a pulse
Marching on and static, lyrics shout a retort
To the melody abandoned in the key of New York

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